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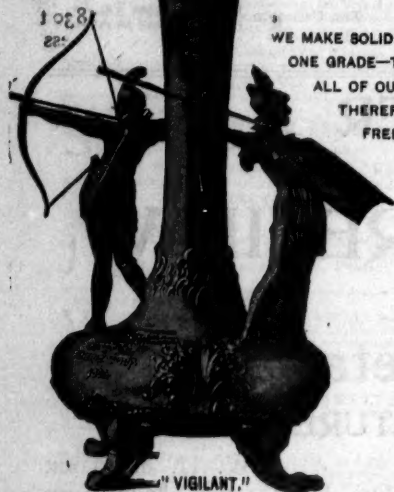
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The (English) *Saturday Review* says: "As a critic of poetry, Mr. Brooke, as might have been inferred, indeed, from his own essays in verse, has the root of the matter in him, and as such he discusses the art of Tennyson's work with abundance of insight and much felicity of expression."

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The Critic

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Literature

Stopford Brooke on Tennyson

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS COMELY VOLUME of five hundred and more pages must, in our opinion, be reckoned as easily the first among the recent books on the poetry of Tennyson. The introduction of some fifty pages discusses (1) Tennyson as an artist, (2) his relation to Christianity, and (3) his relation to social politics. The first characteristic of his art is "simplicity, and this came directly out of his character," which was "simple in the truest sense of the word." From this resulted his "clearness in thought, in expression, and in representation of the outward world—one of the first and greatest things an artist can attain." He did not attempt to express "the subtle and distant analogies and phases of human nature in which Browning had his pleasure"—not from inability to write on these subjects, but from "deliberate choice not to write about that which he could not express with lucidity of thought and form." He wrote of "the everyday loves and duties of men and women, of the primal pains and joys of humanity, of the aspirations and trials which are common to all ages and all classes." In dealing with Nature, he selected "the simple, the main lines of a landscape or an event, and rejected the minuter detail or the obscurer relations between the parts of that which he described." English literature "owes him gratitude for this clearness" in these days when "we are running close to the edge of all the errors of the later Elizabethans."

Mingled with this simplicity, due to the unconscious infusion of his character into his art, there was "a certain stateliness entirely conscious of itself, and arising out of a reverence for his own individuality"—not like the personality of poets like Byron, who "spread out their personality before us, but whom we cannot suspect of reverencing themselves." This self-reverence is due to the poet's recognition of his mission as a prophet, "endowed with power to proclaim truth and beauty, consecrated to do work which will delight, console and exalt mankind." Milton and Wordsworth are the two great examples of this type of poet in the past.

Tennyson was true to the essential characteristic of the artist, "love of beauty and the power of shaping it." The "most skilful representation of the ugly is not art at all," and, with very few exceptions—"poems of dissection and denunciation, like 'Despair,' and worse still, 'The Promise of May'—Tennyson was faithful through his whole life to beauty, writing always of what was worthy of love, of joy, of solemn or happy reverence." Moreover, as a true artist, he never "bent his art to the world," never "wrote for the sake of money or place, or to catch the popular ear, or to win a transient praise." The Laureate odes are no exception to this statement, being "more lessons to royal folk than celebrations of them."

In considering Tennyson's relations to Christianity, it is to be noted that the beginning of his poetical life, like Browning's, was "coincident with the birth of the movements afterwards called the High Church and the Broad Church movements, and with the birth of a new political and social era"; but whatever in the matter of religion the man as thinker may confess, "the man as poet keeps in the realm of the undefined, beyond analysis, beyond reasoning." Tennyson rarely failed in this respect to be true to his art: "there is no formulated creed in his work." But the "eternal verities" concerning "the relations of God to man and to the universe, and concerning the end to which God is leading them," lay at the root of the religion we find in the

poetry of Tennyson, and influenced that poetry from 1830 to 1892. This absence of definite doctrine is not only necessitated by art, but "it is in itself Christian." If Tennyson had "defined his view of Jesus, he would never have said, 'Ring in the Christ which is to be.' In that line the idea of Christ and his Gospel in mankind is given an infinite extension. We may give the phrase fifty meanings, and we shall not exhaust it; and a hundred years hence it will have totally different meanings allotted to it by the gentlemen who wish to define."

In treating of the poet's relation to social politics, Mr. Brooke has to say that he was "never democratic at heart." He "never understood what democracy in its reality meant, much less did he conceive its ideal." He was "always an aristocrat, though he would have said, with justice, that it was a government of the best men that he desired, and not a government of rank and birth alone." These, when unworthy of their privileged position, he "despised and denounced." His patriotism was most ardent; but it ran sometimes into "an English Chauvinism," which was particularly shown in his one-sided views of France and the French character. Phrases like "the red fool-fury of the Seine" illustrate this. He saw only the evil of "the passionate forms which political ideas had received in France" because he was "so exclusively of the solid English type." There has been "no ingratitude so great in the history of humanity as the ingratitude of Europe to France, and Tennyson represented with great vividness this ingratitude in England." It may be added that he "did not, except now and then in vague suggestions, carry the love of country forward into the love of mankind." In this respect he is far behind Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley. "He never became international." In his views of social and political progress he is behind the great movement of the age. "In matters of this kind he is not the poet of the people. He is our poet in the things which he treated poetically; and in those which have to do with Nature and God and the sweet, honest and tender life of men and women, he will remain our poet as long as the language lasts, but in these social matters not." The only subject of this kind which he treated well and as a poet was "the question of woman and her relation to modern life; a question which was started by Shelley, and which occupied a great place in poetry after 1832." He did this in "The Princess," as is admirably illustrated in Mr. Brooke's chapter on that poem.

The "Poems by Two Brothers" are perhaps unduly disparaged by our critic. They are, he says, "without one trace of originality, force, or freshness—faded imitations of previous poets, chiefly of Byron; or, where not imitative, full of the futile modesty of boyhood, which would fain be vain but does not dare; made up partly of bold noise and partly of sentimentality, accurately true to the type of the English poetry between the death of Shelley and the publication of Tennyson's volume of 1830." That boys of fifteen or seventeen should be really original could hardly be expected, and that they should imitate their favorites among the great poets of the day was natural; but their juvenile rhymes have force and freshness beyond their years and far beyond the early verses of Byron. The "modesty" they show seems to us genuine and much to their credit.

Tennyson's poems of 1830 are also said to be "very much like the other poetry of the time," with the exception of about a dozen, which showed that "he who wrote them was quiet certain to write better and better poetry." The prize poem, "Timbuctoo," is, however, considered to evince more originality, and so is "The Lover's Tale," written when Tennyson was nineteen years old, but withdrawn from publica-

tion after being printed in 1833. The prophecy of his future career in "The Poet" (in the 1830 volume) is appropriately dwelt upon.

In the volume of 1833, two new kinds of poetry are recognized:—"the treatment of moral questions under the symbolism of poetry" (as in "The Palace of Art"); and the poetry of common human life, which he "wove all his life long with so much sweetness, tenderness, and power, in homespun thread and color, that there is no class, of whatever rank and knowledge, who will not take pleasure in it for all time, who will not love him for it." Of this latter kind of poetry "The May Queen" and "The Miller's Daughter" are conspicuous examples.

On the analysis of the Poems of 1842 we cannot take space to dwell; nor can we refer, except in the briefest possible manner, to the following chapters on the later classical poems (among which "The Death of Ceneone" alone is regarded as falling below the high standard of the rest) and the larger works, "In Memoriam," "The Princess," "Maud," "The Idylls of the King," etc. Of these "In Memoriam" is "the most complete, most rounded to a polished sphere"; the "Idylls" are "the most ambitious"; "Maud" is "the loveliest, most remarkable"; and "The Princess" is "the most delightful." The introduction of an allegorical meaning into the "Idylls," which seems to have been an afterthought, Mr. Brooke, in common with not a few excellent critics, believes to have been a mistake.

It is curious that the longer dramas are the only works of the Laureate which are not discussed in this scholarly and sympathetic study; and the shorter ones, like "The Falcon" and "The Foresters," are very briefly noticed.

William Allingham's Prose Works

Varieties in Prose. By William Allingham. 3 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

WE BELIEVE that nothing of Allingham's has been published on this side of the Atlantic except his Poems, which were reprinted, in 1860, by Ticknor & Fields of Boston, in the Blue and Gold Series. The three volumes before us, printed in England, form a collected edition of his prose works, prepared by his wife in accordance with a wish expressed before his death. This was only carrying out his own plan, the material having been already arranged and revised by him for publication a short time previously. Many of the papers and essays had appeared, in whole or in part, in sundry periodicals; others are now printed for the first time. On the whole, Allingham's prose is superior to his verse, which was often graceful and pleasing. Two of the volumes are devoted to the "Rambles of Patricius Walker," sketches of travel in England, Scotland and Northern France, interspersed with biographical and critical notices of literary men associated with the localities visited. The ramble in the New Forest, for instance, suggests Southey, who married his second wife, Caroline Bowles, in Boldre Church. He was then a worn-out man, the victim of overwork in authorship. "How much too much," as Allingham says, "Southey read and wrote! How faded already are his name and influence!" Winchester recalls the memory of "a certain young poet—now forever young," Keats, who wrote some of his verses there; and of "another son of the Muses, whose shade" (as he himself might have expressed it) would no doubt disdain association with that of the author of "Endymion"—the Rev. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Professor of Poetry and Poet Laureate, which famous and prosperous man-of-letters came often on a visit to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Joseph, Master of Winchester School, himself a bard of note. We may echo the apostrophe to the now almost forgotten Laureate:—"Hush, Reverend Shade!—yet for thy diligent annotation, Tom, of Spenser and Milton, pass not unkindly remembered. Strange that along with intense study of these masters thou couldst pursue thine own scranneled pipings undismayed." Farnham is associated with Cobbett, who is the theme of some twenty-five interesting pages. "Here, after Warton and Keats, we have a distinct

variety of the writing man. As to poetry and philosophy and art, Cobbett sincerely despised them. His ignorance of all that is highest in literature was immense, and he was immensely proud of it. If he could be supposed to have noticed Keats's existence, which is unlikely, one may imagine the profundity of his contempt for it. Keats could have imagined the contempt and understood it, with Cobbett and all his works and ideas into the bargain, in one lazy twinkle of his eye. The broad-shouldered, beetle-browed, shrewd, indefatigable, self-esteeming, pugnacious, obstinate man, unlearned and unimaginative, crammed with prejudices and personal likings and dislikings, looked upon his own *practical common sense* as the final standard of everything in heaven and earth. He was in a good many ways like Walter Savage Landor, *minus* the culture." One is startled at first by this comparison, but on second thought it is not an unhappy one. At Moor Park, only two miles from Farnham, Swift was for a time domestic chaplain to Sir William Temple, who could never by any possibility have guessed "that his own name would have a meaning in men's ears after two centuries solely on account of his rough Irish amanuensis." In the comments on Swift we find incidental mention of the fact, which will probably be new to nine out of ten among our readers, that in the "Battle of the Books" is "the phrase, lately revived, 'sweetness and light,' descriptive of the products of the Bee's industry, honey and wax, as compared with the Spider's 'dirt and poison.'" It will equally be new to many that *Brobdingnag* was a printer's mistake for *Brobdingrag*, as Swift himself pointed out in the "Letter from Captain Gulliver," prefixed to the edition of 1727. The theory of certain ingenious critics, that this correction was merely a new joke or mystification of Swift's, is too absurd for serious consideration.

At Dean Prior, in Devonshire, Herrick, whom we can hardly think of as a clergyman, was for a long time vicar. "An easy, light-going man, he is not given to look below the surface of things. He has no narrative or dramatic power. His views of human life are general, colored with perception of beauty, with gaiety and desire, with sense of the shortness of life. His attempts at individualizing take the form of the rudest, ill-drawn caricature. His amorous verse is frankly sensuous and outward. His Julia, Electra, Corinna, are names for the bodily sweetness of womanhood. There is just a modicum of sentimentality, itself superficial, or, as it were, subcutaneous. We find here no chivalrous strain like Lovelace's 'Tell me not, sweet'; no ingenious comfort in neglect like Wither's 'Shall I, wasting in despair'; no heap of glittering clevernesses as in Donne's pages (with here and there a wonderful bit of old colored-glass, as it were, worth keeping even as a fragment); no exaltation of mental and disparagement of external qualities as in Carew's 'He that loves a rosy cheek.' Herrick sings of Electra's petticoat, of Julia's bosom, of bright eyes, trim ankles, fragrant breath. He is not, or very seldom, prurient, only pagan, bodily, external. There is not the slightest hint of those modern schools—the sceptical, the scoffing, or the diabolic. His tone, too, entirely differs from the witty, ingenious immorality of the next generation, Rochester, Sedley and other Merry-Monarchy men. * * * A fat, sly, droll, good-humored, lazy, smutty old parson was Robin Herrick, thick-necked, double-chinned, with a twinkle of humor in his eye, fond of eating, drinking and singing, part man-of-the-world, part homely and simple almost to childishness." A very different sort of a parson was George Herbert, of whom we have a sympathetic portrait in another chapter, apropos of Bemerton near Salisbury, where he spent most of his life; but of this vein of criticism we must not take space for further specimens.

In quite another strain, but no less enjoyable, are the descriptions of nature and out-of-door recreation; like this on sea-bathing, for instance:—"As the embrace of Earth invigorated the old giant, so doth the sea renew her sons. First, the sense of *individuality* when you stand in the face of earth, sea and sky, without one husk or lending, defenceless, under-

ignated. Rags or robes, purse and credentials, if you had them, are gone. Next, the 'reverential fear,' the profound awe of committing yourself to the terrible and too often treacherous potency. A little prayer is never out of place. Then the thrilling flash of will—the self-abandonment—the victorious recovery, the triumph over a new element—and the glow bodily and mental of one's emergence, not soon fading even when the livery of servitude, the trammels that remind us of 'man's fall,' are resumed."

The third volume is made up of seven "Irish Sketches," of St. Patrick, Ballad Singers, the Midsummer Fire, etc.; and half a dozen "Essays," on painting, poetry, curiosities of criticism and other literary topics. "Hopgood & Co.," a serio-comic piece in one act, hardly up to the standard of the other matter, is added.

Another Volume of Pepys's Diary

The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Edited, with Additions, by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. IV. Macmillan & Co.

THE FOURTH VOLUME of the new and complete edition of Pepys covers the period from Jan. 1, 1663-64, to June 30, 1665; and the matter hitherto unpublished is nowise inferior in interest to that in the preceding volumes. We get much amusing information concerning Samuel's domestic affairs, dinners, diversions, flirtations and the like, which has not appeared in former editions of the Diary. His jealousy of Mrs. P. continues to crop out at times, as on Feb. 25, when he is on the point of going out of town for a day:—"So home, taking up my wife, and after doing something at my office home, God forgive me, disturbed in my mind out of jealousy of my wife tomorrow when I am out of town, which is a hell to my mind, and yet without all reason. God forgive me for it, and mend me." Not many days before we find this significant record:—"So homeward, and called at my little milliner's, where I chatted with her, her husband out of the way, and a mad merry slut she is." There are a score of such references in the volume, in many of which one "Bagwell's wife" figures. A new feature of these entries is the admixture of a little French; as where he writes of "thinking to have met *la femme de Bagwell*, but failed," and again thus:—"My mind, God forgive me, too much running upon what I can *ferais avec la femme de Bagwell demain*, having promised to go to Deptford," etc. Later, it is gratifying to read, after an adventure of this kind:—"I did with great content *ferais* a vow to mind my business, and *laisser aller les femmes* for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution." He is much given to these vows, and attaches a forfeit to them—which, however, does not keep him from breaking them. Barely eight days after this one, he has to record meeting a "pretty Mrs. Margaret, who indeed is a very pretty lady; and though by my vowe it cost me 12d. a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple." Ten days later he has to confess to worse behavior, the account of which, though partially disguised in his bad French, we will not venture to quote.

The frequent glimpses we get of the life and habits of the time are extremely interesting. On June 1 he goes to the theatre to see Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman"; but "before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder, and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse," etc. The stage of the theatres then was covered with a roof, but the pit was open to the sky. Later it was protected by a glazed cupola. The performances were in the afternoon. On this occasion Pepys goes to his office after seeing his wife home in a coach, for which he had to wait an hour, and later he returns "home to supper." On June 28 there is this curious entry:—"Up, and this day put on a half shirt first this summer, it being very hot." What was this half shirt? The dictionaries do not tell us. We had supposed that Falstaff was joking when (in "1 Henry IV.," iv. 2) he says:—"There's but a shirt and a half, in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked to-

gether and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves"; but we may infer from Pepys's allusion that there was a garment known as a half shirt—perhaps an abbreviated form thereof, such as Falstaff's recruit extemporized from a pair of napkins or handkerchiefs. In May, 1665, Pepys had a present of a silver watch, with which he was immensely tickled, as he naively tells us:—"But, Lord! to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs upon me still that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand in the coach all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one." A watchmaker told Pepys that this silver one was worth 14*l.*, or \$70—equivalent to much more than that money would represent nowadays.

A month later, the Great Plague was beginning to prevail in London. On June 7, Pepys writes:—"This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there; which was a sad sign to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension." We find an allusion to the inscription put upon houses infected with the plague in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2), nearly seventy years earlier. Biron says:—

"Soft, let us see:

Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;

They are infected; in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes," etc.

There are several other references to the Plague in these closing pages of the present volume. On June 23 we find:—"So home by hackney-coach, which is become a very dangerous passage nowadays, the sickness increasing mightily"; and on the 29th:—"This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267 [for the week]; which is about ninety more than the last."

We had marked several other passages for quotation and comment, but must not take space for them. What we have given will serve to whet the appetite of the reader.

"Sources of the Constitution of the United States"

By C. Ellis Stevens. Macmillan & Co.

WHEN CRITICISING Seeley's "Expansion of England," John Morley found fault with the author's taste in so strenuously asserting the originality of his ideas. Mr. Stevens's book is open to the same criticism. Mr. Stevens would probably be surprised to learn how universally familiar his views on the origin of our Constitution are to American political scientists. The authors of the Constitution adopted from the institutions under which they lived those deemed most efficacious, and abandoned or modified those that had been found pregnant with evil. It is true, no book traces provision after provision of the Constitution from the corresponding institutions of England and her colonies, the reason probably being that the connection is too patent. American historians, like Prof. Howard, have been diverted into tracing the origin of the township and county—a more difficult and consequently more fascinating task. Still, a work devoted to the origin and development of each separate article in our Constitution would by no means be out of place, and, if well executed, would deserve to be welcomed most cordially. It is this that Stevens has accomplished. He opens his volume with a destructive criticism of the social-contract philosophers, Grotius, Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau, maintaining that Aristotle's view is the correct one—namely, that society is a natural growth, independent of human volition, and inseparable from man's existence. Thus the present is intimately linked with the past, and the germ of the Constitution of the United States is to be found in Tacitus's "Germania." Taking up each colonial charter in succession, Mr. Stevens shows how the government of each colony was modelled on the English Constitution with its bi-cameral legislature, its strong executive and its civil rights. The

colonists were thus accustomed to English institutions, and when they declared themselves independent, they were forced, *nolens volens*, to adopt in their written constitution the institutions with which they were most familiar, in practice as well as in theory. It must be remembered that the English Constitution of 1894 differs vitally from that of 1776. The cabinet system of government was only beginning to take firm root under George I. and II., while under George III. a violent check was given to this development. In 1776 the King not only reigned, but ruled.

The American Constitution is modelled directly on the English Constitution as men then saw it, and indirectly both through the influence of the writings of Montesquieu and Blackstone, and through the commonwealth constitutions, which were but miniatures of the government of the mother-country. Describing the American legislature, executive and judiciary, Mr. Stevens shows their similarity on the main lines to the corresponding branches of the government of England. He treats the Constitution merely as a written document, so we cannot blame him for not noticing that the organization of two governments may be identical, but that the essential similarity depends upon the spirit where-with the law is executed and obeyed. The dynamic condition cannot be neglected by either historian or lawyer. Though the book was written before Mr. Douglas Campbell's Puritan appeared, our author finds ample room in the foot-notes to express his disapproval of that writer's views. As a rule his criticisms are just, for Mr. Campbell's arguments are most strong on points outside the range of the book before us. Occasionally, however, Mr. Stevens has gone too far in his antagonism. He admits that Roger Williams was probably influenced by Holland in establishing religious liberty in Rhode Island, but maintains that "truth must award the honor to Maryland," of having been first in establishing it by law. Mr. Stevens errs greatly. Religious liberty, when established for political expediency, as in Maryland, does not mean what is usually understood by this term. There is a vast ethical difference between a policy advocated because it is deemed the only true and just one, and one adopted for the sake of expediency. Roger Williams, in contradistinction to Lord Baltimore, advocated religious liberty as a matter of principle, and to him must be awarded the honor of establishing by law what is truly the principle of religious liberty.

"Sunny Manitoba"

Its People and its Industries. By Alfred O. Legge. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MANITOBA, the leading Province of the Great Canadian Northwest, has enough in its rise and progress, and in the character and circumstances of its population, to make its history interesting beyond the limits of the confederation and even of the Empire to which it belongs. This history and the present condition of the Province are set forth in the volume under review with sufficient fullness, and in a style which, if not marked by any special excellences, is always adequate for its purpose, and leaves for the most part an agreeable impression of candor and good sense. Mr. Legge is an English gentleman of some experience both as a traveller and as an author. He enjoyed peculiar advantages for his present work. He has two sons settled in Manitoba, to whom he affectionately dedicates his volume "in memory of pleasant months passed in their prairie homes." Under this fortunate guidance, with the aid of many other experienced informants and of official documents, he was enabled to collect much knowledge of a nature likely to be useful to intending emigrants from the old country, for whose special benefit, seemingly, his book has been prepared.

That impressions gained under such auspices would be of a rose-colored tinge is to be expected. Of this the mere title of the volume might appear to be evidence. We are familiar with "Sunny Italy" and "Sunny Texas." But to describe a Province in the far north, where the thermometer in the winter sometimes shows a cold of seventy degrees be-

low the freezing-point, and where the mean temperature of the whole year is less than thirty-four degrees above zero, as "Sunny Manitoba," seems at first thought an absurd conjunction of terms. The author, however, justifies it very fairly. Not only is the heat of summer in the Province, as in New England, often of a truly tropical character, but in the former region the coldest winter is made not merely tolerable but actually cheerful by the almost constant brilliancy of the sunshine. This fact is due partly to the elevation of the land, and partly to the inflow of warm and arid south winds from the "great American desert." The result is a singularly dry atmosphere, which moderates both the chill of winter and the lassitude of summer, and makes the Province one of the pleasantest as well as one of the most healthful places of residence on the globe. To its other advantages—the remarkable fertility of the soil, the abundance of rivers and lakes for internal navigation, for irrigation, and for wealth of fisheries—and to the good qualities and interesting traits of its varied population of Canadian and English settlers, Icelanders and Mennonites, Indians and half-breeds, the author does ample justice, but apparently no more than justice.

With one serious drawback, the capricious but too often fatal frost, he attempts to deal, but without his usual good judgment, by minimizing its importance. He refuses to understand that the chief obstacle to progress, not only in Manitoba but throughout the greater part of Canada, is not political, but climatal. If this truth, which is so obvious as to be clearly shown in all scientific geographies, were only borne in mind, many heart-burnings, as well as many illusive expectations on both sides of the international boundary line, would be avoided. As is well-known, the earth-zones of botanic geography differ widely, both in number and in boundaries, from the astronomical zones. Botanists make no less than three "temperate zones," the cold, the middle, and the warm. The "cold temperate zone," having a mean temperature of from 30 to 40 degrees of Fahrenheit, includes all that part of Canada which is habitable by civilized men, except only the southern portions of Ontario and British Columbia. It covers also northern New England, and (in the eastern hemisphere) northern Scandinavia, northern Russia and southern Siberia. These names represent significant facts, and leave no ground for the perplexity and suspicion with which Mr. Legge regards the disclosures of the last Canadian census—that of 1891. By this census, taken in conjunction with the American census of the previous year, it was shown that during the last preceding decade nearly a million of emigrants must have left Canada for the United States. This movement of population from the less to the more genial zones is one that has been going on from the earliest ages to the present time, and is certain to continue. A wise statesman will always take it into account, and will also understand that this movement does not necessarily indicate a political attraction. Such an attraction depends on other circumstances altogether. In the present case, the only evident "manifest destiny" is that which the difference of climate brings. That the United States will be fated to "annex" in every decade a sufficient number of young and energetic Canadians to make a populous State is clear enough; and as this destiny necessarily brings with it an increase of friendly feeling between the two countries, it may be looked upon with much equanimity on both sides. An intelligent and liberal-minded observer, such as Mr. Legge undoubtedly is, should not allow his mind to be dazed by unscientific illusions in dealing with plain historical and geographical facts.

"The Revival of Irish Literature"

Addresses by Sir C. G. Duffy, Dr. G. Sigerson and Dr. D. Hyde. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE UNEASY SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS of a subject race was never, perhaps, more emphatically brought out than in the little volume of addresses before us. These addresses have as their dominant key-note "de-Anglicization," as they call it—self-purification, as it were, similar to the rage which seized German purists

after the war of 1870-71, to cleanse the language from all reminiscences of French; only, the *furor Hibernicus* is even more extreme and extends to "re-Celtization" (to coin another ugly but expressive term) of a population of four or five millions. This, of course, can never be, any more than language can turn back from its analytic stage, attained after thousands of years of vocal manipulation, to the synthetic or agglutinative condition of its early savage ancestry. Nor is it in the least desirable. What, indeed, is to be gained from a neo-Celtic literature? Celtic folk-lore is interesting enough as revealed in recent translations of the poetic fairy tales of Gaelic neighborhoods, but very little intellectual nourishment is to be obtained from the lives and legends of Irish saints and mythical kings, or from the exaggerated value set by Celtophiles on the deeds of their "Milesian" ancestors. Sir C. G. Duffy writes admirably and well on what might do good to the Irish people—the dissemination of good books among them, and the cultivation of a spirit of patriotism and nationality; but the claims of Dr. Sigerson and Dr. Hyde are wild and absurd beyond expression. What earthly good could be accomplished now by the re-translation of English names (originally Celtic) into Celtic again? The Celts do admirably well when blended with other bloods: Romanized Gaul is a magnificent example of race-grafting; but what has Gael or Welshman, Breton or Erse-man done in all the generations that he has been left to himself in the corners of the earth he inhabits? The fact is, Celtic blood is like the rich wines of California: it has to be exported to other climes, blent with other bloods, to give it what wine-dealers call "body"; in itself it is too fiery.

Educational Literature

THE SECOND ISSUE in the Athenæum Press Series is "Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. W. L. Phelps, instructor at Yale. The poetry includes nearly all that Gray wrote, and the prose is taken from his letters and journals. The introduction discusses the chief influences that affected Gray's style, his progress towards romanticism, and the characteristics of his prose. Prof. Kittredge of Harvard adds an interesting paper on Gray's knowledge of Norse. The text of the poems follows closely the edition of 1768 and other early issues, and that of the prose is from Gosse's edition of 1884. The notes are perhaps full enough for college students (for whom the book is intended) but give the "various readings" only in exceptional instances. A bibliography of the editions is included, giving all the editions up to 1771 and the more important ones of more recent date. Of Mitford's (1814) we are told that "he was the first man to edit the text with accuracy." On the contrary, he was the first editor who introduced the corruption of "winds" for "wind" in the second line of the "Elegy." He also printed "Await [for 'Awaits'] alike the inevitable hour," and the perverted punctuation of "He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear," to say nothing of minor errors in the text. His notes abound in misquotations and other blunders. We have personally counted more than fifty of these in little more than half of his notes. For much of the matter in the notes he was largely indebted, as Mr. Phelps intimates, to Wakefield's edition of 1786, from which more recent editors also have freely drawn. Mr. Gosse's text is said to be "not perfectly accurate"; and it might have been added that his collation of the early texts, particularly of the "Elegy," is even more imperfect. Mr. Phelps is sometimes dogmatic in his own notes, as, for instance, in saying that "air" is the subject, not object, in "All the air a solemn stillness holds." Others say as positively that "stillness" is the subject. It is impossible to settle the question, but we suspect it is one of Gray's many inversions. (Ginn & Co.)

THE "MANUAL OF LINGUISTICS," by Prof. J. Clark of Dundee, well discriminates between the *φωνή* and *ψῆφος* of Aristotle's aphorism: *φωνή καὶ ψῆφος ἑπὶ τὸν αὐτὸν ἐστὶ* ("sound is one thing and noise is another"). Mr. Clark discusses *φωνή*, sound, articulate speech, as distinguished from the noises uttered by animals and the inarticulate world. His manual is everywhere based upon scientific principles and the newest lights in philology. He is apparently as familiar with Grimm's and Verner's, Conway's and Moulton's, Grassmann's and Siever's phonetic "laws" as he is with his own name. Seven of his nine chapters are devoted to such semi-transcendental topics as "Sound-Relations in Indo-European," "Analogy," "Ablaut and Accent," and the like, in which he lucidly explains much of what he finds in Brugmann and Sweet. Two important chapters are devoted to "Sound-Relations in English," in which, of course, he is under the usual obligations to Skeat, Ellis, Behrens, Sweet and Ten Brink. The book is for advanced students only. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—GLIB IS THE TONGUE of man, and many words are therein contained of every kind," exclaimed old Homer ages ago; and the saying is no less true of the present

age, whose "glibness" is largely retrospective and historical. Prof. C. W. Super, in his "History of the German Language," exemplifies the present passion for literary archæology and goes thoroughly into the ancestry and environment of a tongue—German—which he thinks hardly inferior to the Greek. "Language is the Rubicon," says Max Müller, "that separates animals from men, which no animal will ever cross"; and, certainly, few more perfect or more intellectual products of human skill, impelled by the desire of communication, have ever been created than German. The history of such a language abounds in striking facts and truths, which should not be overlooked; and Prof. Super's book, occupying the middle ground between a grammatical commentary and a philological history, supplies in a full and interesting fashion what a literary reader needs to make him conversant with the main sides of many questions involved in the study of one of the principal Indo-European tongues. The modesty of the author is very refreshing, in contrast with the aggressiveness and self-assertion of certain recent specimens of the inhabitants of the philological Buncombe County: nowhere is there a note of the infallible commentator. (Columbus, Ohio: Hann & Adair.)

MR. H. N. DICKSON'S "Meteorology: the Elements of Weather and Climate" (University-Extension Series) is an excellent elementary summary of the principles and methods of meteorology. It is less technical and scientific than the "Modern Meteorology" of Waldo, and less full in its account of the construction and use of meteorological instruments; nor, of course, is it at all on the same plane with the essentially mathematical works of Ferrel and Abbe; but it is far better adapted to the wants of ordinary readers. Its elementariness does not consist, as is too often the case, in being behind the times, but, on the contrary, it presents the newest ideas and the latest results, and that in a form that is generally interesting and very understandable. A notable feature of the book is the frequent quotation of old weather proverbs, many of which are noted as really valuable and founded in reason, though others are mere superstitions: naturally, however, this meteorological folk-lore is mainly English, so that its maxims are worth but little in this country. Among other things we find the curious table, attributed to the elder Herschel (erroneously, we believe), in which the weather that is to follow each change of the moon is predicted according to the hour of the day at which the change occurs. The volume has an index, which, although not so good as it ought to be, is far better than none, and worthy of mention, because so many English books of this class lose more than half their value from its lack. (London: Methuen & Co.)

A THIRD REVISED EDITION of Mr. W. H. P. Phye's "Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced" has been issued, with a supplement of 1400 additional words. An excellent feature of the book is the introduction of a large number of foreign words and proper names, many of which are not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries. When good usage varies, the fact is stated, and the different authorities are cited. Explanatory notes are added, when necessary, to make the matter clearer. It is a convenient and useful manual for ready reference. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE PROGRESS of manual training is evidenced by the increasing number and scope of the books treating of it. Mr. W. A. S. Benson's "Elements of Handicraft and Design" takes the right ground in dealing with the training of hand and eye as the best foundation for a really liberal education. Unlike some other books on the subject, it does not confine its teaching to any one handicraft, but sets before teacher and pupil the simplest elements of carpentry, wrought-metal work, carving and turning, mechanical painting and drawing, and points out the many ways in which those exercises may be made, not only to train the pupil to be a "handy man," but to furnish illustrations of various scientific truths. The claims of the arts of beauty are not wholly forgotten; and there is a chapter on "Garden Carpentry," which takes the student out-of-doors and may be made to lead on to some practise in gardening proper and the study of natural history. The illustrations are numerous, and of practical value. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE FIRST NUMBER of the Columbia Knowledge Series, Mabel Loomis Todd's "Total Eclipses of the Sun," is an excellent and interesting monograph upon the subject with which it deals—by far the best popular exposition of it with which we are acquainted. It is pleasant reading, and the notes and references of Prof. Todd, who has edited the volume, give it a real scientific value, for with the copious index they constitute a very complete bibliography of the subject. The illustrations are numerous and for the most part excellent, and the whole appearance of the book is attractive. The cover-design by Mrs. Huggins (wife of the noted spectroscopist) deserves special mention. It is safe to say that the book

ought to be in every public library. (Roberts Bros.)—"THE AMATEUR TELESCOPIST'S HAND-BOOK," by Frank M. Gibson, Ph.D., is designed for the users of telescopes of two or three inches aperture, to whom much of the matter contained in Webb's classical work is superfluous. The first half of the volume deals with the telescope itself, giving much valuable information respecting the instrument, the method of testing its excellence, its care and its accessories. There are brief chapters upon the telescopic observation of the sun, moon and planets, followed by a catalogue of 468 double stars, variables, clusters and nebulae, with directions for finding them. The work seems to be generally very well done, though there are a few slips; for instance, on page 72 it follows Webb in speaking of "Ball's division" of Saturn's ring, although ever since 1883 it has been well known that this ascription is erroneous; the error is curiously persistent. The book will undoubtedly be found very useful by those for whom it was intended. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Fiction

WOLCOTT BALESTIER'S novel, "Benefits Forgot," published serially in *The Century* after its author's untimely death, does not fulfil the promise it gives in its opening chapters. The scene is laid in a mining-town, called Maverick, in Colorado, and we are introduced to a man of middle age, a widower with two grown sons, who has fought the battle of life in this rough country and succeeded so well that he is the possessor of quite a comfortable fortune, and holds an unquestioned position in his community. All this, together with his heart, we find him offering to Margaret Derwent, a teacher who has come to the Far West from Massachusetts, a woman of noble and elevated character, but a Puritan of the Puritans in her views of life. The contrast between herself and James Deed is admirably brought out. They are engaged and are to be married on the very day on which he tells her of something he intends doing to revenge himself upon his eldest son, who has almost broken his heart by his selfish conduct. Margaret demands that he shall not do it, but he will not listen to her until, seeing there is no other way to move him, she tells him that, as it is a question of property and she is going to marry him, she will not allow him to do it. His disappointment in her, thinking, as he does, that she is perfectly sordid and was only going to marry him for his money, is the worst thing he has yet had to bear, and in his rage and distress he disappears, not to be found until events have become much more complicated. Up to this point the story is a fine one, but here the author seems to have lost his hold upon it. It runs away with him, and becomes chaotic and entirely lacking in purpose. Deed's conduct is almost that of a crazy man, and his two sons are little better. It is chiefly with these boys that the story now deals. They are deadly rivals, especially in the affections of a young girl, who, after all, is the most attractive feature of the book. On the whole, it is a disappointment, but if Balestier had only lived to take it in hand and rewrite the latter half, it would have been something very fine. The material is undoubtedly there. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"LINKS IN A CHAIN" is a most peculiarly constructed story, rather attractive at first, conveying a distinct impression of strength in the character of its hero, and of interest in that of its heroine. In its final chapter, however, it breaks down utterly, and becomes almost foolish. Its action at that moment is quite impossible, and the effect of the whole is destroyed. The opening pages are devoted to an entirely superfluous incident, and to two people with whom the story does not concern itself; the incident is introduced merely to show the character of the man who is the moving spirit of the book. He marries a woman much younger than himself, and who has been his ward. He has always loved her, but sees plainly that she is without heart, and is ready to sacrifice everything to what she thinks is her own interest. She discards one of her lovers because he has lost his money, and announces her intention of selling herself to the highest bidder. Her guardian then determines to make that bid, believing that, once married to her, he can develop her nature in different ways. His success is implied, but it is only after many long and bitter struggles. The story is by Margaret Suttin Briscoe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—MAXWELL GRAY'S "A Costly Freak" is so dull and so inferior to its author's other books, that it makes the impression of having been written long ago and revived at the present moment to run, if possible, on the reputation of the others. The characters are thoroughly commonplace, and the things they say and do and feel are so uninteresting that there is literally nothing to say of them. (D. Appleton & Co.)

MARY HALLOCK FOOTE is the wife of an engineer, and, with charming loyalty to that profession, she makes all the most agreeable heroes in her stories of our great West men of that vocation.

Strong and healthy men they are, and well worthy of chronicle as, wielding the inevitable laws of science, they chain down the mighty forces of Nature in the valleys beneath the mountains, in splendid realization of the fable of the restive Titans—that thrilling episode in the dear, old Greek story-books. We always feel better and more content with life after reading one of Mrs. Foote's tonic tales, and most of those now collected in "In Exile" are no exceptions to this charm. There is padding in the bundle as, of course, there is padding in most collections of short stories, but we believe that this author's reputation as a writer of the most wholesome literature will be spread wherever this little book may go. Now, it is no small triumph to make a really charming story out of a muddy ditch and the unlovely overflows of incomplete irrigation—yet of such is Mrs. Foote's success. We are inclined to attribute this to the mysterious fascination of her girls. George Eliot somewhere speaks of the beauty of such women. It is a beauty like that of kittens, she says, or very small, downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills—a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you. Many of Thomas Hardy's women are of this altogether human and youthful delight. Christie Johnson was another. It is a sort of femininity which needs not the embellishment of education, and which is responsible for most of the marriages men make "beneath" them. With masculine surrender we hereby acknowledge its potency, and so our delight in Mrs. Foote's maidens. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"THE MAN IN BLACK," Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's latest story, will add nothing to his reputation. The plot is interesting enough; it is laid in France, and the introduction of Nostradamus makes a promising beginning. But the author has not made the best of his opportunities, and the book will only satisfy the least exacting of readers. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—"THE UPPER BERTH," by F. Marion Crawford, is a capital ghost story, which has been reprinted from an old Christmas annual, in whose pages it had lain buried for years. Together with another story by this author, it forms the first volume of the Autonym Library, which, in size of page, type and general make-up, resembles very closely the attractive little volumes of the Incognito Library, published by the same house. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"THROUGH THICK AND THIN" and "The Midshipmen's Mess" are stories for young people, by Molly Elliot Seawell, published in a single volume. In the first story, two army officers risk their lives to get water for their thirsty and suffering men; in the second, a midshipman bears silently for months the ostracism of his brother-officers rather than be a tale-bearer. Both incidents are true, and the talented author has made good use of them in these charming tales. (D. Lothrop Co.)—"STORIES OF THE ARMY" is the sixth and last of a series of little books issued under the general title of Stories from Scribner. It contains four selections from the most interesting of the short stories written for *Scribner's Magazine* during the past few years. These selections are "Memories," by Brander Matthews; "A Charge for France," by John Heard, Jr.; "Sergeant Gore," by Leroy Armstrong; and "The Tale of a Goblin Horse," by Charles C. Nott. All are readable, but "A Charge for France" is by far the best. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"IN THE KING'S COUNTRY," by Amanda Douglas, represents a number of young women talking in an idle, desultory fashion about the lives that people lead and the influence they have for good or evil in the world. They begin by applying their own particular cases to the standard held up and seeing how far the two agree. The conversation resolves itself into a discussion of summer plans and a speculation as to the probable destination of each that year, and whether it is apt to prove interesting or otherwise. One of them quietly remarks that she is going into the King's Country, and explains herself by telling them that she is going to devote herself to God's work among her fellow-creatures. The rest of the book is given up to her efforts to induce others to go into this country with her. It is prosy and uninteresting reading, and very poorly written. (Lee & Shepard.)—"ON THE OFFENSIVE" is an army story, a picture of life at a frontier post, by George S. Putnam. The most striking personage in the story is a Catholic priest, Father Brugan, whose influence with the common soldiers of the regiment is unbounded, and who accomplishes wonders with them. The colonel in command has a very lovely daughter, with whom the officers are, one and all, in love. The priest at last falls a complete victim to her charms, but keeps his secret well. No one suspects him, and just as her engagement is announced, he is transferred at his own request to another field of duty. The priest is a fine fellow, and a great deal might have been made of the subject, but it is handled with very little skill and makes a very slight impression. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Lounger

AUTHORS HAVE STRANGE REQUESTS sometimes. Here is one recently received by a well-known novelist from the editor of a periodical which up to this time has devoted itself to illustration rather than to text:—"Although it is not the custom of *The* _____ to publish stories, yet if you have an unpublished novel of medium length which you could remodel only to the extent of having a portion of the scenes laid in studios and art-galleries, I should be pleased to have you submit the same, and am willing to pay well for it. We always pay for MSS. as soon as accepted." There is something attractive in this last statement, for authors as a rule are needy. The one in question is not, however, so he failed to be caught on this well-baited hook. The editor of *The* _____ evidently thinks that authors have no feelings, or why would he expect them to recast their stories to suit his audience?

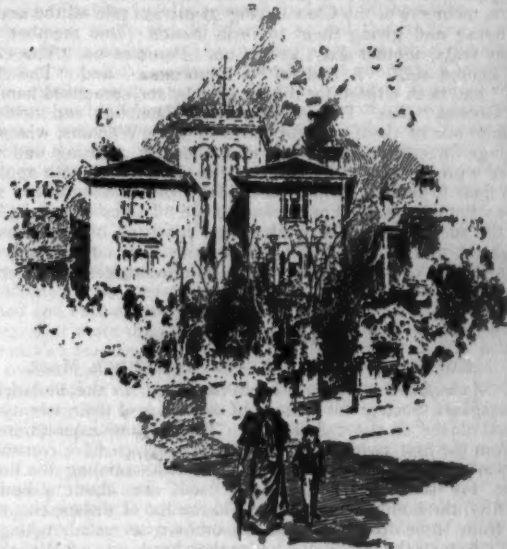
THE APPEARANCE of a new volume of verse over the signature of A. C. Swinburne has again drawn attention to the personality of the "sweet singer" who, as Mr. Waugh puts it, in *The Yellow Book*,



"imported into English poetry the unique and as yet imperishable faculty of musical possibilities hitherto unattained." *The Westminster Budget* prints an illustrated account of his daily jaunts, from which I have taken this portrait of the poet starting off for a walk, reducing the sketch to a fraction of its original size. We read that Mr. Swinburne is a regular *habitué* of Putney-Heath and Wimbledon Common.

"There is scarcely a day all the year round on which he does not walk at least once from his residence, at the bottom of Putney Hill, along the Heath and Common. Everybody in the district knows the poet, but the poet has evidently eyes and ears for nobody except the babies toddling about among the furze and brambles. These he honors with a great deal of interest and attention, and there is many a bright-eyed small girl and boy of the neighborhood whose parents recount with great self-satisfaction the story of how Mr. Swinburne has, some day or other, taken special notice of their child. * * * There is [at Wimbledon] a tobacconist and stationer's shop, where the two daughters, refined and charming girls, supply him with ephemeral literature. Then, a little further on in the village, there is a clean and bright-looking baker's shop at the corner, into which the poet often turns in order to buy such goodies

as he may distribute to the children on his return walk to Putney. Mr. Swinburne is never accompanied by anybody on these favorite walks of his. * * * Even Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie though in her genial way she may attract the solitary promenader for a considerable time, has never yet succeeded in persuading him to come back with her to her home at Wimbledon."



THE POET'S HOME at Putney Hill is called The Pines. A pretty glimpse of it appears in *The Illustrated London News*, for which it was drawn by Mr. Herbert Railton. In the reproduction presented here, the picture has been considerably reduced.

A YOUNG ACTOR was married in Philadelphia last Monday to a young actress, and the papers have chronicled the fact in their news-columns—rather inaccurately as to details, but without any attempt at sensationalism. I allude to the event only because the affair was conducted in a manner that contrasted strikingly with the way in which the marriages of actors or actresses are usually managed. As a rule, the principals in such alliances make their arrangements pretty much as they are in the habit of working up dramatic climaxes on the stage; and their managers aid and abet them by "working the press" to the full extent of their ability. When Miss Julia Marlowe promised her hand to Mr. Robert Taber, it was decided that the wedding should not come off until her season was concluded. Its conclusion came in Washington last Saturday night; Mr. Taber met his *fiancée* in Philadelphia on Sunday; and on Monday, at St. James's Church, in the presence of not more than half a score of friends and relations, including the bridegroom's mother, one of his brothers, his old friend, Mr. Joe Evans, late President of the Art Students' League, and Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Williams, these twain were made one flesh. The bride, whose parents are not living, was given away by Mr. James Woodward. The first published notice of the marriage was a brief advertisement among the marriage notices in *The Evening Post* of the same day. In the fall Mrs. Taber will probably return to the boards under her stage-name of Julia Marlowe (her name off the stage was Frost—not Brough, as some of the papers mistakenly printed it). It is also more than probable that she will be supported in the future, as she has often been in the past, by her husband. Mr. Taber has been on the stage for the past eight years—ever since he came of age; and he is at least five years older than his wife—which I mention because the daily paper's magnanimously made her several years older than she is. He has made a success of his career thus far, and gives promise of still greater achievement in the years to come. I congratulate him on having made what bids fair to be an ideally happy match—one of the kind that is said to be made in Heaven.

THE CLUB known as "The Lambs" has a stage at the rear of the main room of its clubhouse, and is in the habit of giving what it calls a "Gambol" now and then during the winter months. In these sports the members of the Club, whose names and accomplishments are familiar to all play-goers and music-lovers throughout the country, are to be seen to great advantage in pieces composed for them by their play-writing fellow-members. Each "Gambol" is followed by a late supper, which in turn is succeeded by an hour

or two of frolicking, expressively termed "Low Jinks." The fame of these performances long since spread far beyond the membership of the Club, and of late years a public "Gambol" has been given annually for the Club's benefit, the result in each instance being a handsome addition to the treasury. Such a "Gambol" occurred at the Casino on Friday afternoon of last week. In this case the entertainment was not advertised, nor were tickets sold to the public, the members of the Club buying at private sale all the seats in the house and giving them to their friends. One member took twenty seats, another sixty, and so on. Parodies on "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "A Lady of No Importance" and "The Amazons" had been written for the occasion by such practised hands as Clay Greene, "Gus" Thomas and Glen McDonough, and incidental music to one of them was furnished by Fritz Williams, who acted as stage-director. They were all immensely amusing and were played with tremendous spirit, and the Casino rang with applause from floor to ceiling. The house affairs of the Lambs are stag-parties, but these annual performances are "Ladies' Gambols," and half the audience last Friday afternoon consisted of the wives and daughters of the members, together with their cousins and their aunts. The Club has never given a more successful entertainment.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. KOLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Shakespearian Menu.—I am indebted to the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society for a copy of the *menu* of their twenty-first annual dinner, on the 23d of April. The illustrative quotations are all from the first two acts of "Henry V.," which have constituted the winter's study of the Society. Notwithstanding the limited scope for selection, the passages used are about a hundred and fifty, the number for each item in the list of dishes, etc., ranging from three to eleven; the Cucumbers, as usual, taking the lead. Among the quotations under this head are:—"We charge you in the name of God take heed"; "The grave doth gape, and doting death is near"; "And that's but unwholesome food, they say"; "Their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up," etc. The "Cheese: Camembert and Roquefort" suggests these, among other apt citations:—"As two yoke devils sworn to either's purpose"; "Picked from the worm-holes of long-vanished days, * * * from the dust of old oblivion raked"; "Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide, Hold hard the breath," etc. These are but average specimens of the Shakespearian spice that must have given an added zest to one of Augustin's excellent dinners.

"*Shakespeare Could Not Write.*"—I have received a copy of an abridged edition of a pamphlet, by Mr. W. H. Burr, with this title, originally published in 1886. It gives so-called fac-similes, really little better than caricatures, of the five undisputed autographs of Shakespeare which are still in existence, and analyzes and discusses them in a fashion the absurdity of which may be illustrated by a single quotation:—

"The second and third autographs have *William* written above *Shaksper*. Who but an illiterate person would sign his name thus? In the last two signatures (being told perhaps that his name ought to be written upon one line) he puts *William* before *Shaksper*."

The writer evidently does not know that the "second and third autographs" are upon the narrow strip of parchment by which the seal is attached to the deed, and that the *William* had to be put over the *Shaksper*. Anybody who has ever had to put his signature on parchment knows how much harder it is to write well than on paper; and this may account, partially at least, for the bad writing in this case. The other three signatures are on the three sheets of the poet's will, presumably also on parchment, and were penned when he was on his deathbed, the document having been prepared a short time before. The signature in the copy of Florio's Montaigne in the British Museum, which the best authorities believe to be authentic, though we have no positive proof of it, is written better and is probably a fair specimen of Shakespeare's average chirography. The reader will find accurate facsimiles of all the signatures in Knight's "Life of Shakespeare," with cuts showing the parchment slip and seal of the mortgage deed, etc.

Bell's "Biblical and Shakespearian Characters Compared."—In this book (recently published by William Andrews & Co., Hull, England), the Rev. James Bell, after an introductory essay on certain resemblances between the Hebrew prophets and Shakespeare, proceeds to compare some of the dramatist's characters with Bible personages, linking Eli and Hamlet, Saul and Macbeth, Jonathan and Horatio, David and Henry V. Of these couples the first is the most surprising; and, as Mr. Bell admits, "so wide is the in-

terval between Eli, the grey-bearded Hebrew, and Hamlet, the youthful Dane, that no connection seems possible between them." They are, however, alike, if we adopt our author's view of Hamlet, in an infirmity of character which "reveals the action of the self-same moral law." On each is laid a burden which seems heavier than he can bear. "Eli and Hamlet both discern what requires to be done, alike are warned by the voice of admonition and hear the call of duty; but they both break down on the field of action; they fail in forthright directness and steadiness of will, in promptitude and vigor of conduct." Both "missed their mark by not doing the right thing at the right time." Saul and Macbeth resemble each other more closely in their character and history. Both were honorable and honored until they yielded to "strange suggestions" and unscrupulous ambition. Both "alike transgressed the true law of life and character, but found to their sorrow that their neglect of it did not cause it to neglect or forget them"; and "lawlessness, alike in Hebrew prophecy and Shakespearian drama, leads to disorder, disaster, death." In Jonathan and Horatio we have twin examples of "the ideal friend." David and Henry V. resemble each other in the fact that both conquered their weaknesses, became strong through trial, and were purified by discipline. In an "epilogue," or concluding chapter, the English Bible and the works of Shakespeare are declared to be "the two noblest possessions of the English-speaking people, the unrivalled masterpieces of our language, imagination, and nobler life, the incomparable expression of our wisest convictions and our mightiest faith." Shakespeare "reflects more real glory on our nation and our race than the acquisition of India; in him the inherent royalty of our people finds the most honorable and glorious expression." A thorough acquaintance with the Bible and Shakespeare is "a liberal education vastly superior to that which usually passes for such in scholastic circles." It yields, moreover, "a finer training in the use and enjoyment of the English language than is commonly received in the schools."

The book is printed in excellent style, and has a reproduction of the Stratford portrait of Shakespeare as frontispiece.

Erratum.—In the note on a Chester illustration of a joke of Shakespeare's (*The Critic*, May 19th) a word was omitted in the eighth line, through my carelessness or the compositor's. I meant to write "an entry in the records *showing*," etc. Whether the omission was mine or not, I am responsible for overlooking it in the proof.

New Heads of Women's Colleges

SELDOM HAS an appointment to the headship of any institution of learning been greeted with such universal applause as the selection of Miss Agnes Irwin of Philadelphia to be Dean of Radcliffe College (Harvard Annex) has called forth. As the matter is referred to at some length in our Boston Letter, it only remains for us to congratulate the management and students of the College on having secured so learned and efficient a director, and the lady herself on having so greatly enlarged her opportunities of guiding the growth of the rising generation of women. Miss Irwin is a niece of Mrs. Gillespie of Philadelphia—a woman noted for her executive ability and force of character. Both ladies are descended from Benjamin Franklin.

The Board of Trustees of Barnard has appointed as Dean of that rapidly growing college Miss Emily James Smith, who is at present studying Greek at the University of Chicago, where she had won a fellowship in Greek, and where she will take her Ph.D. in July. Her duties at Barnard will begin in October. Miss Smith is a daughter of Judge Smith of Canandaigua, N. Y., who served for many years on the Supreme Court of this State. Unlike the new Dean of Radcliffe, she is college-trained, having graduated at Bryn Mawr (A.B.) in 1889. The year 1889-90 was passed in studying with Prof. Jebb, the Grecian, at Girton College, near Cambridge, England. Returning to America, she remained for two years in charge of the Greek department at Packer Institute, Brooklyn, going thence to the University of Chicago. Of her "Selections from Lucian," published by the Harpers, we said (14 May, 1892) that the rendering was faithful to the original, and the English nicely phrased and pleasing. Miss Smith has recently contributed to *The Atlantic* a paper called "The Hungry Greeks." There is abundant reason to believe that her administration of the important office to which she has just been appointed will be in every way successful.

"The appointment of Miss Agnes Irwin as Dean of Radcliffe College," says the *Tribune*, "denotes the increasing tendency to place the higher education of women completely under the direction of women. The experiment has worked well wherever it has been tried. While Vassar and Smith colleges have continued under the charge of men as presidents, Wellesley prospered under the

management of Miss Freeman, and Miss Thomas has been conspicuously successful at Bryn Mawr. Barnard College is to be brought under the management of a woman, and now President Eliot has sanctioned the election of Miss Irwin as the Dean of Radcliffe. These appointments are the logical sequences to the establishment of institutions for the higher education of women."

Dr. E. S. Frisbee has resigned the Presidency of Wells College (Mrs. Cleveland's *alma mater*).

London Letter

THE GAIETY of the Whitsun holidays this week has been increased, rather than eclipsed, by a pretty little quarrel, which has proved, as most disagreements of the kind are wont to do, amusing enough to the onlookers. On Thursday last the Opera Comique was re-opened by Mrs. Langtry with a piece called "A Society Butterfly," written by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Henry Murray, and on Friday morning the daily papers were unusually unanimous in condemning the play as inadequate. Now, Mr. Buchanan, it is notorious, bears criticism with no good grace, and his anger seems to have been violently kindled on the present occasion. At any rate, upon the conclusion of the second night's performance, the manager came forward and requested the audience to remain seated, as Mr. Buchanan desired to speak a few words to them. Whereupon the gentleman in question appeared behind the footlights and in no measured terms spoke certain home truths about Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic of *The Daily Telegraph*, accusing him of a personal spite against his (Mr. Buchanan's) work, and an unjust prejudice against Mrs. Langtry. Compliments flew; and when Mr. Buchanan had finished, Mr. Henry Murray added his word, expressing his entire concurrence with the opinions which had just been promulgated.

Whether the matter will end with recrimination the future will prove; in the meanwhile Mr. Buchanan has followed up his speech by a letter to an evening paper, in which he challenges Mr. Clement Scott to a trial of strength in the law-courts. The gauntlet thus thrown down has not as yet, I believe, been accepted by the critic, and it is not improbable that the whole affair will blow over. Mr. Clement Scott, of course, has had to face this sort of thing before. Three years ago Mr. Sydney Grundy, whom we all respect, was led to a somewhat similar ebullition of temper, and the occasion passed innocuously. The strangest part of it is that authors of repute should take Mr. Scott seriously as a critic at all. Time was, perhaps, when he might have passed for an authority; but now that Mr. William Archer and Mr. A. B. Walkley have taught the public to expect cool and scholarly judgment for the drama as for literature, Mr. Scott and his methods are altogether out of date. But perhaps there is less in the affair than one supposes. It has always suited Mr. Buchanan to be violent periodically: he lets off steam in this fashion for an hour or so, and then settles down again to his ordinary pursuits. And, when all is said and done, it is quite unnecessary to take him seriously, either.

Some months ago I announced in these pages the forthcoming publication of Mr. W. Martin Conway's "Mountaineering in the Himalayas," and to-day, after some delay, the book is published and receives immediate and hearty attention. There is but a single verdict from the many voices: the handsome volume is a triumphant success. It is a record of unique daring and achievement, it is thoroughly readable from cover to cover, and it is luxuriously illustrated by Mr. R. D. McCormick, the clever young artist who accompanied Mr. Conway on his travels. Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, is giving on Saturday evening a private party to his friends, in some way (perhaps) in honor of the event, and Mr. Conway will give a brief description of his adventures on the heights. It is only just that so plucky an enterprise should be followed by a genuine literary success.

The death of Prof. Henry Morley has deprived English literature of one of its most conscientious and accurate students and historians. As the author of the "History of English Literature," and as editor of several excellent series published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Prof. Morley did work that it would be difficult to surpass within its own limits. The range of his knowledge was considerable; his faculty for tabulating that knowledge in an accessible form unique. His honest, unerring labor will be sorely missed. Another pen, in a lighter vein, has also been laid aside during the present week: I allude to Mr. F. W. Broughton. Amateur actors, not only in England but also in America, owe much wholesome and dainty entertainment to this accomplished writer of the best kind of *levens de rideau*, and his loss will be sincerely regretted. In ambitious drama he never succeeded; but "Ruth's Romance," "Withered Leaves" and "One Summer Night" are masterpieces of their kind, and the last-named was only recently revived at a West-End Theatre. For some years Mr. Broughton had filled the post of literary adviser and adaptor to Mr. Charles Wyndham of the Cri-

terion Theatre, and his taste was of constant advantage to that popular and successful manager.

The latest success at the London music-halls consists of a sort of musical and scenic sketch, invented by Mr. Charles Godfrey, descriptive of some historical battle, and mounted with all the pomp and circumstance of war. For some weeks we have had "Trafalgar" and the Matabele; and on Whit Monday Mr. Godfrey appeared at the Pavilion in "Balaclava," the latest of the series. The performance is really rather impressive; and the realism of the present variety is accentuated by the bodily presence upon the stage of several of the actual survivors of the famous charge. The scene opens in a sitting-room where Mr. Godfrey, made up as an old colonel, entertains his friends on the anniversary of the engagement, and sings a stirring, but somewhat lengthy, ballad describing the heroism of the day. Then the scene changes to the pass: Mr. Godfrey is now the young lieutenant of the Crimea, and calls his men to arms. And then we get the sensation: the whole depth of the stage is filled by the charge of cavalry, in a blaze of red light, and in front Mr. Godfrey leads the men, his horse falling in the pangs of death, and his eyes alive with the fire of onset. It is cleverly staged altogether, and on the first night, when I had the good fortune to be present, was received with immense éclat by a crammed and enthusiastic house.

When, after more than thirty years, a book is still sufficiently popular to make a reappearance in a sixpenny edition, with a first printing of 100,000 copies, it may well be considered to have passed the high-water mark of success. Such fortune is just attending Mr. Wilkie Collins's admirable story "The Woman in White," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus will reissue in a week or so in this delightfully cheap form. "The Woman in White" has sold better than any of Wilkie Collins's other novels, "The Moonstone" being a good second and "Man and Wife" third. It is pleasant to hear that their popularity is still undiminished, for their author enjoyed, in a greater degree than any of his successors, perhaps, the faculty of commanding the absorbed interest of his readers; and that, let the champions of the purpose-novel say what they will, is the best achievement of fiction.

It is announced that early in the autumn Mr. Austin Dobson will issue a second series of those dainty miniatures, "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," the first volume of which, published some eighteen months ago, proved so genuine a success on both sides of the Atlantic. Several of the new series have been appearing in English and American periodicals, and, to judge from the foretaste, the collection will be in every way worthy of its predecessor and of its author.

LONDON, 18 May, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

A WEEK AFTER President Eliot celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his administration at Harvard College, Bostonians remembered another anniversary—the seventy-fifth birthday of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. On Sunday the well-known author entered upon her seventy-sixth year, but it was on Saturday that the reception in her honor was given by her son, Henry M. Howe, at his Marlborough Street home. Notable men and women gathered to honor her. To repeat their names would be simply to repeat the names of the leaders in social and literary circles. That Mrs. Howe herself enters into the fourth quarter of her century with the same strong physical and mental powers which have distinguished her in the past, is shown by her active work on the days preceding her birthday. Last week she delivered a most interesting address at the meeting of the Boston High School Alumnae, and yesterday she presided at the meeting of the Women Suffragists of New England. I am told that, like Dr. Holmes, she is preparing an autobiographical work, full of reminiscences of famous people she has known; if this be so, let us hope that, unlike Dr. Holmes, she will permit the book to be published during her lifetime. Apropos of Mrs. Howe's appearance before the graduates of the High School, I may say that she gave some very sensible advice at that time to women. While she held emphatically that good appearance is not to be despised, and that its neglect is reprehensible, yet she wished to warn earnestly against the tendency of the times which threatens to carry this attention to dress to a demoralizing extreme. "A woman who dresses beyond her means is a fraud," she said, "and a woman who sacrifices her health to dress is a sinner. They say sometimes that a dress is 'loud.' I think I have sometimes seen one positively shrieking." And then she gave some sound advice regarding the formation of a truly substantial character.

My mention of the Autocrat, just now, reminds me that there have been numerous conflicting paragraphs in the papers about his health. It was first stated that he was ill and then it was emphatically denied. I can state on authority that Dr. Holmes has been ill during the past few months and that, though now recovering, he

finds it necessary to avoid all undue exertion. To that end he carries on little correspondence and sees fewer friends than usual. Next month he will leave town in order to gain more strength.

Since I wrote my last letter the Dean of Radcliffe College has been appointed, and every one who speaks of her awards the highest praise to her reputation as a teacher and her strength of character as a woman. The lady is Miss Agnes Irwin of Philadelphia, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin and a daughter of a former Minister to Denmark. I believe she is not a college graduate, but has acquired her learning from home study. The amount of that learning we have guaranteed by the warm words of her friend, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who declares that "she is a good Anglo-Saxon scholar and a past grand mistress of several languages," adding that "she carries her learning with an amount of modesty that is as pleasing as it is rare with those who are her equals in accomplishments." Pres. Eliot was cordial in his approval of this choice, which, it is said, was made chiefly through the influence of Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Homans. The fact that Miss Irwin was not a college graduate did not hamper the choice, as her sponsors considered that that very fact might give her ideas a greater breadth and freedom in the conduct of the school. This freedom, it is said, was insisted upon by Miss Irwin before she would accept the offer of the Deanship. Having already made arrangements to go abroad this summer, she will not assume her duties until the fall.

Regarding the death of Mr. Niles, of Roberts Bros., which I chronicled last week, I will add that the trip abroad which has just ended in his death was the first relaxation from work he had taken in fifty-five years of continuous service. He was one of the oldest book men of Boston, his first service being in the Old Corner Book Store when it was occupied by William D. Ticknor, in 1839. Mr. Niles was then a boy fourteen years old, having been born on Jan. 25, 1825. His later connections I mentioned last week. Mr. Niles was unmarried, and leaves two sisters and two brothers.

At its last meeting of the season the Browning Society had what the newspapers call a "bomb-shell" thrown out in the form of a resolution presented by Pres. Hornbrooke. It read as follows:—"Resolved, that the Council of the Browning Society of Boston tenders its hearty thanks to those who, by careful study of, and attention to, the parts undertaken by them, contributed to the successful reading of 'Colombe's Birthday,' in commemoration of the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Browning, and expresses its annoyance and regret that any of the readers should so far forget what was due to the other readers, the Society and the occasion, as to indulge in an unbecoming levity during the reading and in full view of the audience." The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom was elected President at this meeting; the Rev. Dr. George D. Latimer and Miss Heloise E. Hersey, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean, Secretary; Mrs. Richard Arnold, Treasurer; and Mr. William H. Ladd, Librarian.

Mr. Frank W. Benson has won the first prize of \$500, offered by Jordan, Marsh & Co., at the Jordan Art-Gallery, his "Lamp-light" taking the prize. The second prize, of \$300, goes to E. W. D. Hamilton, for "Palaces by Night," and the third prize was won by John J. Enneking, for "Coasters' Retreat." This art-gallery, by the way, although, of course, incidentally an advertisement of the big dry goods house, is yet a boon to Boston artists, as it brings their work before thousands of people and increases their sales. For the next exhibition a first prize of \$1500 is offered.

BOSTON, MAY 29, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

A RECENT MEETING of the Contributors' Club brought out the fourth number of the magazine, a limited edition of which is issued for the members. It is printed in its customary luxurious fashion, with wide margins and decorative initials and tail-pieces. It contains three little poems, effectively ornamented, by Harriet Monroe; a clever essay, called "A Plea for Humor," by Susan Skinner Cramer; a poem by Martha S. Hill, and a composite story by Caroline Kirkland, Oliver T. Morton, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Mary P. Abbott and the present writer. One of the last things which Major Kirkland wrote is also printed—a poem, in which he describes a contest among the gods to decide "which was the strongest of the strong." They call upon Jove to arbitrate, one and all assembling before him; but the victor appears in unexpected form—

"Leadon, impenetrable, headstrong, dull,
Invincible, for invincible,
Blind to defeat, perennially wrong,
Unbent by Beauty and unswerved by Song,
Unknown to Love, indifferent to Fame—
Stupidity! such is his dreadful name!"

Jove offers him the wreath,

"But he ignores the useless fardel gay,
And stolid, stern, consistent, silent, stalks away!"

The "Postscript" to the magazine, by the editor, Mr. Arthur J. Eddy, is a very clever bit of art-criticism. He says of Bonnat's portrait of Renan:—"There was no trace of Renan the critic, Renan the author of the *Life of St. Paul*, but the finger-nails were long and very conspicuous, and one felt that Renan must have looked exactly that way—to Bonnat. Whistler would have given less of the man, but more of the philosopher—less of finger-nails and more of soul. There was a plentiful lack of detail in Whistler's 'The Fur Jacket,' but there was a subtle and haunting impression of a woman." Mr. Eddy protests against making a mere photographic record of things seen, and against the suppression of the artist's personality. "The effort is made to paint things as they appear before the mind and soul seize them and read into them something of life, something of broader human interest. * * * It is one thing to paint the exterior of things, it is another thing to paint the soul of things, it is still another and greater thing to paint one's own soul into the soul of things. * * * Now and then men like Tolstoi, Ibsen, Browning, Millet, light up the commonplace with the fire of genius, and lo! the commonplace is felt to be a part, the very foundation, of the tragedy of life." But such spirits are rare, and in the modern "apotheosis of the commonplace," Mr. Eddy thinks that "the subject seems to be continually getting the better of the man." This criticism is significant of the growing discontent with superficial realism, a feeling which is already helping to produce some beauty in American art, some individuality which is not born of other worlds.

One of the most talented of our younger artists—a man who, in spite of his foreign residence, is doing his full share for the country's artistic development—passed through the city last week. Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor who designed the majestic fountain at the World's Fair, has come over from Paris to sign an important contract in Indianapolis. He is to model two colossal allegorical groups, illustrating Peace and War, for the soldiers' monument. They are to be placed on either side of the great shaft which has already been erected. The committee showed fine discrimination in selecting this brilliant young sculptor, who will undoubtedly be equal to the great opportunity thus offered him.

It is refreshing now and then to come across a lively story of adventure, like "The Two-Legged Wolf," published by Rand, McNally & Co. of this city. Modern as one may be in feeling and sympathy, the ceaseless analysis of motives, the commingling of good and evil in character, the nice distinctions in the causes of action, the artistic absence of ethics—these attributes of the modern novel inevitably weary one after a time. And at such moments one can welcome a blood-and-thunder romance, with its lurid plot, its hero and saintly heroine, and its uncompromising villain. And when, to these fascinating attributes, are added deserts and caravans, Russians and raiders, what more could be desired? The present volume is translated by Boris Lanin from the Russian of N. N. Karazin, and its plot is unresting from title to finish. There is action, hot and impetuous, on every page, battle and murder, capture and escape, abduction and pursuit, fierce hatred and revenge, following each other without pause. The complications are so intricate as to be difficult to grasp; and there is no subtle differentiation of motives to interrupt the movement. One sees the deed with only the most obvious passions which led to it. It seems primeval in contrast with the current super-refined romances, and it has a rush and swing to it unknown to their decorous gait. Still, it is only for the hour that one likes it, and it serves chiefly to give greater zest to one's appetite for the novel of character. Rand, McNally & Co. also announce for immediate publication "A Flower of France," a story of old Louisiana, by Marah Ellis Ryan, and a still more exhilarating volume, called a "Report of the Congress of Representative Women," edited by Mrs. May Wright Sewell.

The Field-Columbian Museum, which is the name recently adopted by the Trustees, will be opened on Saturday, June 2. The ceremonies will be simple. The program begins with an invocation by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, President of the Armour Institute. Mr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, the Director, will then give a history of the Museum, which will be followed by an address by Mr. Edward G. Mason, President of the Chicago Historical Society. The formal opening address, by Mr. Edward E. Ayer, President of the Museum, will close the exercises. An admission fee, probably twenty-five cents, is to be charged, except on Sunday and, perhaps, two other days of the week. But school-children and students will be admitted free at all times.

A long article in last Sunday's *Tribune* suggests the possibility of the return of Prof. David Swing to the Presbyterian Church. It is more than twenty years since Prof. Swing was tried for heresy, and from that time until now he has enjoyed complete liberty of thought and action. He preaches on Sunday mornings in Central

Music Hall to a large congregation of devoted admirers. The suggestion that he return to the fold is based not at all upon a change in his views, which are broad to a degree, but upon the increased liberality of the Presbyterian Church, as shown in the trial of Dr. Briggs. In an interview, however, Prof. Swing says that while it would be impossible to expel him from the Church now, were he in it, he probably could not subscribe to the doctrines which he would be required to believe, in returning. He says that his "preaching must be limited to the inculcation of a life of love, a divine Christ and a blissful immortality." And very optimistic sermons are the result of his comfortable doctrines.

At Keppel's an interesting collection of sketches by Anton Mauve has been hung during the past week. They are slight things, most of them, but every line tells. A number of oils are among them, full of the Dutch repose, but the charcoal sketches have more individuality and more character. To the collection of Harrison's paintings at O'Brien's, seventeen landscapes by Charles H. Davis have been added. They are characteristic of his beautiful, quiet work, of its earnestness and sincerity. Two or three poetic studies of evening are here, and some of the atmospheric effects are most skillfully rendered. One little study of a hillside in March is admirable in its suggestion, through the simplest means, of a blustering wind.

Mr. Eugene Field has again taken up his work for the *Daily Record*, after a long vacation in pursuit of health. Some of his new vigor is perceptible in his breezy column of "Sharps and Flats," which has been sadly missed and is delightful to read again.

CHICAGO, May 29, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

George John Romanes

Prof. Romanes, who died suddenly at Oxford on May 23, was born in Kingston, Canada, on May 20, 1848. He spent his boyhood in England, France, Germany and Italy, receiving his early education from tutors and in private schools. In 1867 he entered Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, graduated in natural science in 1870, and was Burney Prize Essayist in 1873 and Croonian Lecturer to the Royal Society in 1875. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1879, and in 1881 received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. He was made Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution of London in 1880, and was also Rosebery Lecturer on Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. While at Cambridge he formed an intimate acquaintance with Charles Darwin, and afterward continued to be an ardent member of the Darwinian School, which he reinforced effectively in his lectures and works, the long list of which includes "Christian Prayer and General Laws: with Appendix on the Physical Efficacy of Prayer" (1873); "A Candid Examination of Theism" (1878); "Observations on the Locomotor System of Medusæ" (1878-1880); "Animal Intelligence" (1881); "Charles Darwin: his Character and Life"; "The Scientific Evidences of Organic Evolution" (1882); "Mental Evolution in Animals" (1883); "Jelly-Fish, Star-Fish and Sea-Urchins: Nervous Systems" (1885); "Mental Evolution in Man" (1888); "Darwin and after Darwin" (1892); and "Examination of Weismannism" (1893). Besides these books, he contributed numerous papers, published in the periodicals, to the progress of science and philosophy.

The Drama

"Gladys"

NOTHING but the name of the author makes it necessary to note the production of Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, "Gladys," in the Madison Square Theatre, on Monday evening. As might be expected, the dialogue has a certain amount of literary merit—being neat, clear and occasionally epigrammatic, without being especially brilliant or forcible—but the personages are conventional and extravagant, while the story in which they figure is full of gross improbabilities, not to say absurdities. The piece was written originally for Mrs. Langtry, and this fact may account, perhaps, for a good deal that otherwise would be inexplicable. At all events, all considerations have been sacrificed to the necessity of providing picturesque "situations" for the leading lady.

It is not worth while to go into details. Briefly, the story is of an earl's daughter, a transcendent creature morally and physically, who avenges the supposed wrongs of her father, first by horse-whipping his enemy, and then by depriving him of the family estate by means of a fraudulent marriage with his son and heir. This result, and the final happy ending, are brought about by a series of preposterous devices of the kind looked for in modern melodrama and nowhere else. One scene, in which the newly made bride, whose identity is still unknown to her husband, returns to turn her wicked father-in-law out of her ancestral home, is indisputably strong in the theatrical sense, and affords an opportunity for effec-

tive acting, but the pre-supposed conditions are so violent that anything like illusion is impossible. Miss Minnie Seligman, an actress of more than common capacity, failed to make the most of her chance at this juncture, because she attempted to substitute sentiment, in which she is weak, for passion, in which she is more likely to be successful. But the most brilliant acting could not have done much for a play so radically defective. The general performance, indeed, was competent and the impersonation of the hero, by Mr. Glendenning, exceedingly good.

The Mask on the Greek Stage

MESSIEURS LES RÉDACTEURS DU CRITIC:—

Dans votre numéro du 7 avril, à propos de Mounet-Sully dans "Œdipe Roi," vous parlez des masques scéniques en des termes qui ne semblent pas s'accorder avec les idées qu'on en a généralement aujourd'hui. Si je comprends bien, vous dites que les acteurs grecs, pour se faire entendre, étaient obligés de se servir de masques aux lèvres évasées. ("The actors were obliged, in order to be heard, to shout through wide-lipped masks.") En d'autres termes, ces masques, selon vous, faisaient l'office de porte-voix. La très courte distance de la bouche de l'acteur à l'extrémité extérieure des lèvres du masque permet-elle de supposer qu'ils aient pu avoir cette vertu? De plus, ne peut-on pas prouver que la voix humaine, sans le secours d'instrument, suffisait à se faire entendre dans les vastes théâtres de la Grèce? On ne voit pas que les orateurs publics aient fait usage du masque, et pourtant ils parlaient, eux aussi, en plein air à des foules immenses. Le masque, comme le cothurne, grandissait l'acteur et servait à mettre la tête en proportion avec le reste du corps qu'il fallait grossir. Autrement, le spectateur éloigné n'aurait vu qu'un nain alors qu'il entendait parler un dieu ou bien un héros. Le masque empêchait aussi qu'on reconnût les traits de l'acteur que la vie côte à côte avait pu rendre trop familiers pour donner, même un instant, l'illusion désirée. Quelquefois, il cachait seulement une difformité du visage. A Rome, l'acteur Roscius se couvrait la tête d'un masque, "quod oculis obversis erat," dit son historien. Il n'ajoute pas que ce fût dans l'intention de se faire mieux entendre.

Le "Standard Dictionary," l'"International Cyclopædia," et bien d'autres, partagent là-dessus votre sentiment. "The masks were often provided with metallic mouth-pieces for the purpose of increasing the power of the voice." ("Intern. Cyclop.") Quel pouvait bien être l'effet produit par ces "metallic mouth-pieces"? Quelque chose comme la pratique de Polichinelle, la boîte à musique ou le phonographe? Peut-être les trois réunis? Et l'on dit que les Grecs avaient l'oreille délicate! Cette phrase de l'"International Cyclopædia" se trouve mot à mot dans "Chambers's Encyclopædia." C'est naturel. L'étendue et le nombre des matières que ces ouvrages entreprennent de traiter ne permettent guère à leurs auteurs une étude bien approfondie de chaque question. Ils se copient. Il s'ensuit que leur autorité, au lieu d'être légion, se résume souvent au chiffre un. Et si cet "un" s'est trompé?

En voici un exemple bien facile à constater à propos de notre grand poète Victor Hugo. Les catalogues de bibliothèques publiques, les dictionnaires anglais de biographie, etc., se plaisent d'ordinaire à faire de Victor Hugo un vicomte, quelquefois un comte. "Lippincott's" lui-même a fait le plongeon comme les autres. La vieille histoire des moutons de Panurge! Je me hâte d'ajouter que cette erreur n'est pas universelle. Le Révérend E. E. Hale la corrige dans son ouvrage intitulé "Lights of Two Centuries." Malheureusement son livre est moins souvent consulté que le dictionnaire de Lippincott.

PEACE DALE, R. L., le 21 mai 1894.

E. A. DELAUNAY.

[The statement quoted from *The Critic* of April 7 does not necessarily imply the use of a mask provided with a speaking-trumpet. The mouth-openings of the tragic masks were relatively very large, so as not to interfere with the vocal expression of the actor; the evidence for this statement may be found conveniently presented by Dr. A. Müller, in his "Lehrbuch der griechischen Bühnenalterthümer," §19. Aulus Gellius maintained that the mouth-opening of the mask made the actor's voice carry farther, and affected its quality ("Noctes Atticæ," V. 7). To what extent this was true, however, can not now be determined with certainty. —EDS. CRITIC.]

The Fine Arts

The Metropolitan School of Fine Arts

AT THE RECENT exhibition of the schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, uncommonly good work was shown by the modelling class under the direction of Mr. Herbert Adams, and by the class in architectural drawing and design taught by Mr. G. D.

Bartholomew and Mr. S. J. Temple. Some pupils of the still-life class and the antique class give decided promise. The exhibition, as a whole, was one of the best school exhibitions of the season. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that, when the closing exercises were held, last Saturday, announcement was made that only the architectural classes would be continued hereafter. The prizes and diplomas were presented by Prof. Ware, as follows: Still-life class, \$25, given by J. W. Pinchot, to Miss I. A. Lyons; life class, \$50, given by D. O. Mills, to Miss S. A. Henry; modelling class, mention, Mrs. A. M. McCahill; architectural class, first prize, \$50, given by C. K. Tuckerman, to Artee B. Ayres; second, history of architecture, given by W. L. Andrews, to Miss Kate Cotheal Budd; antique class (advanced), \$25, given by S. P. Avery, to T. W. Conklin. At a meeting of the students, it has been resolved to form a new school, to be known as the Metropolitan School of Fine Arts. This is to be governed by a Board of Control elected by the students from the members who are at work in the classes. The Board for the coming season will consist of Alfred F. Wattson, President; Richard Tweedy and Isabel A. Lyons, Vice-Presidents; Fannie L. Hoyt, Recording Secretary; Stella M. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary; Charles H. Ward, Treasurer; Myrtle A. Low, Marian W. Entz, Florence H. Birdseye, and Irving Brown. Herbert A. Levy will be Director and have the general management of the school. The following well-known artists will instruct the different classes:—H. Siddons Mowbray, life and painting; J. Carroll Beckwith, painting still-life and head; Herbert A. Levy and B. West Clinedinst, antique classes. Suitable studios will be engaged and the school will be ready to receive pupils on Oct. 1. Till then communications should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, Stella M. Richardson, 317 West 54th Street.

The Jay Gould Memorial Windows

THREE LANCET-WINDOWS in stained-glass form the monument which the children of the late Jay Gould have chosen as a memorial of their father in the little church at Roxbury, Delaware Co., N. Y. The subject is the appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalen, after the Resurrection. In the left-hand window is an angel, standing before the tomb. The angel's eyes are lowered, and a long frond of palm gives a lengthened line from the ground, past the shoulder and upward. To the right kneels the Magdalen, with a box of ointment before her. Her hands are clasped and her look is intent. The central lancet contains a standing figure of Christ, with a brilliant light behind it; fronds of palms and other trees frame his figure. Both hands are stretched out, away from the sides, with palms held downward. The cartoon is a very charming piece of drawing, by Mr. Frederick Wilson, an English artist in the employ of the Tiffany Glass Co. There is awe in the face of the angel, passionate intentness in that of the Magdalen. All three are graceful, sweet figures, but not cloying. As bits of color the windows are fairly successful, the fault, if any be found, lying, perhaps, in the profusion of accessories, notably the reeds and large-fronded palms and trees.

"Greek Vase Paintings"

A PREFACE, by D. C. McColl, and an historical introduction, by Jane E. Harrison, accompany the forty-three reproductions, mostly of large size, of Greek vase pictures in this volume. Many of them are taken from various archaeological publications seldom seen by the general public; a few are from new drawings or photographs. The frontispiece, printed in colors, is a new copy of the beautiful Aphrodite on the Swan, from a cylix in the British Museum. Other new plates are phototypes of an astragalos with a chorus of dancing maidens, in the British Museum, and a cylix, in the same Museum, with a drawing of war galleys. In most cases the drawing only is given, but on two plates is shown its appearance on the vase, a most important matter, for decorative effect was always borne in mind by the vase painters. Some of the better-known pictures of which the book includes large and well-executed reproductions are the black-figured Return of Hephaistos, from an amphora in the British Museum, and the Hercules wrestling with Triton, from a cylix in the Municipal Museum of Corneto; and the red figures by Euphronios, supposed (but not by Mrs. Harrison) to represent Sappho and Alcæus, in the interior of a cylix in the British Museum; the beautiful Theseus and Amphitrite, by the same painter, in the Louvre; the beautiful Dance of Mænads, by Hieron, in the Berlin Museum; and examples of red-figured drawings by Peithinos, Brygos and Chacrylion. Each plate is accompanied by a short but sufficient description. The work, as a whole, is preferable for general reading to any other that deals with the subject. (The Century Co.)

Art Notes

PART I. of the *Figaro-Salon*, with text by M. Charles Yriarte, deals with the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and gives full-page illustrations of Frappa's "Saint Francis of Assisi," Adrien Moreau's "Fontainebleau under the First Empire," G. Collin's "Procession of Guadalupe at Fontarabia," Firmin-Girard's landscape with figures, "Une Artiste au Moulin," Aimé Perret's two peasants talking over "Vieux Souvenirs" and other paintings, and a double-page plate, in colors, of H. Dupray's "Napoleon at Wagram." There are, also, many half-tone illustrations in the text.

Notes

THE CRITIC appears a day later than usual this week, owing to the fact that Wednesday was a national holiday.

—The ill news came from New Haven, this week, that Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale, the eminent philologist, was in a dangerous condition from the heart-disease which has troubled him for several years. His son, Assistant Attorney-General Whitney, was summoned from Washington.

—Prof. Barrett Wendell's "Stelligeri, and Other Essays" is published, not by D. Appleton & Co., to whom we attributed it in our leading review, last week, but by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Mr. William H. Rideing sailed for Europe on Wednesday, and will spend the summer in England, as usual, in the service of *The North American Review* and *The Youth's Companion*. Prof. Brander Matthews sailed last week and will remain abroad till next fall, when Harper & Bros. are to bring out his twelve "Vignettes of Manhattan" in book-form. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder sailed for England on Saturday last. During her two months' absence she will make flying trips to France and Belgium.

—The marble portrait bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe was unveiled at the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn., on the afternoon of May 24, by Hilda Stowe, one of the author's grandchildren. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Stowe's sister, made the address. The bust is the work of Annie Whitney of Boston, and was purchased with the subscriptions of Connecticut women.

—Oxford University will confer this month the honorary degree of D.C.L. upon Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, the "greatest living writer on naval history."

—Mrs. Brown, the retiring President of the Federation of Women's Clubs, does not favor a mixed membership in clubs, believing that in most cases women should work by themselves, because, in doing so, inexperienced women suffer less embarrassment, do better work, rely more on themselves, and are less likely to be thrown in the shade.

—Lee & Shepard will publish a new edition of Baron Nils Posse's "Educational Gymnastics, under the title of "Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics." They announce, further, a book on mushrooms, by Captain Julius A. Palmer; "The Boy's Own Guide to Fishing, Tackle Making and Fish Breeding," by John Harrington Keene; "A Modern Magdalene," another novel on the social evil, by Virna Woods; and new editions of Prof. Dolbear's "Matter, Ether and Motion" and Sam Walter Foss's "Back Country Poems."

—Paul Bourget, the novelist, and Albert Sorel, the historian, were elected on Thursday as members of the French Academy, to fill the vacancies caused by the death of MM. Du Camp and Taine. No votes were cast for M. Zola.

—Senator Hawley has introduced in Congress a bill to enable Prof. Asaph Hall of Washington to accept a gold medal given by the French Academy of Science in acknowledgment of his services to astronomy. The Arago medal has been bestowed upon him for his discovery of the satellites of Mars in August, 1877. Profs. Hall and Barnard are the only astronomers who have been thus honored, with the exception of Bischoffsheim.

—The Scribners have moved into their new model book-store at 153-155 Fifth Avenue.

—Mr. Henry James's forthcoming book is to be entitled "Theatricals." It will contain two comedies ("Tenants" and "Disengaged") which, he says, were written to be acted under certain conditions that have not been realized. A second volume will contain two more plays, "The Album" and "The Reprobate."

—John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia, announce "Studies in Oriental Life," by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull.

—Mr. Crawford's "Modern View of Mysticism," the leading article in *Book Reviews* for June, is the result of earnest investigation into a phase of life and thought that has always appealed very strongly to the writer's imagination. He states that he "is not, and never has been, either a theosophist or a spiritist"; he also

"begs that whatever is said here may be judged, if read, without regard to allusions to this and kindred subjects which he has made in novels and purely for purposes of fiction."

—Harper & Bros.' latest books include "Perlycross," by R. D. Blackmore; "A Traveller from Altruria," by W. D. Howells; "From the Easy Chair," third series, by George William Curtis; "Pastime Stories," by Thomas Nelson Page; and "A Likely Story," a farce, by Mr. Howells.

—The Nashville *Banner* of May 26 announces, among other literary "news," that "Frances Burney has written a novel in two volumes, entitled 'Evelina, or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance Into the World.'"

—The Rev. Provost Body, during the last twelve years the head of Trinity College, Toronto, has accepted the professorship of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in the General Theological Seminary of New York. Dr. Body is a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, England.

—Ginn & Co. publish this month "The Philosophy of Teaching," by Arnold Tompkins, which aims at "making the philosophy of teaching concrete in practice."

—A bronze tablet to the memory of E. P. Roe was unveiled at Cornwall-on-Hudson, on May 29. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott made the oration, the other speakers being Mr. Hamilton Gibson and Mr. Dodd, of Dodd, Mead & Co., and the Rev. Dr. Teal. The tablet is placed in a natural wall of rock in the E. P. Roe Memorial Park, and was procured by popular subscription.

—The American edition of Coulston Kernahan's "Book of Strange Sins" will be published henceforth by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia.

—Moses P. Handy says in a recent letter to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* that the Rev. William Henry Furness of Philadelphia, who celebrated his ninety-second birthday a short time ago, still can "preach a sermon, smoke a pipe, enjoy a play, or take a morning constitutional of a few miles, with as much zest as most men who are fifty years his junior. He is one of the most interesting men I ever met, always reminding me of Gladstone in his clean and wholesome trend of thought, in his versatility, in his thorough permeation with the spirit of good-fellowship, and in his domestic virtues. He was a classmate of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a bosom friend of Longfellow and Alcott."

—Mr. Edward Dicey is at present in Bulgaria, gathering material for a book on the social and economic conditions in that country.

—The American Dramatists' Club is circulating a petition to Congress, requesting it to pass the bill, introduced in April by Mr. Cummings of New York, which is designed to make impossible flagrant violations of the copyright law in its bearing on dramatic and operatic works. It is proposed to make such violation a misdemeanor, punishable with imprisonment as well as a fine.

—A novel in dialogue, after the fashion of Gyp, called "The Modern Progress," by Miss Violet Hunt, is announced in England. Parts of it have appeared in *Black and White* and *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

—A marked compliment has recently been paid by W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, to a recent graduate of Columbia College, Mr. George L. Beer. In "The Empire: Its Value and its Growth," an inaugural address delivered at the Imperial Institute on Nov. 20, 1893, Mr. Lecky said, in speaking of England's colonial policy:—"In imposing commercial restrictions on the colonies we merely acted upon ideas that were then almost universally received, and our commercial code was on the whole less illiberal than that of other nations. This has been clearly shown by more than one writer on our side of the Atlantic, but the subject has never been treated with more exhaustive knowledge and more perfect impartiality than by an American writer—Mr. George Beer,—whose work on the Commercial Policy of England has recently been published by Columbia College in New York."

—A portrait of Emily Brontë, the only one known, has recently been discovered. It will soon be engraved for publication.

—Prof. Andrew J. Graham, author of the well-known system of phonography, died at Orange, N. J., on May 19. He was born in Ohio, on Aug. 2, 1830. He reported several of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, and many notable sermons, lectures and political speeches, notably the anti-slavery addresses of Garrison and Phillips. His best-known work, the "Handbook of Standard or American Phonography," was published in 1858.

—The new \$250,000 schoolhouse at Greenwich, Conn., the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer, who have a country seat in that town, has recently been completed. The building is constructed of buff brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and has a heavy copper roof. It is 159 feet deep, has a frontage of 134½ feet, and is

three stories high. The original plan provided for an additional story, which was to have contained the gymnasium, but, as this would have obstructed the view of the Sound from Mr. E. C. Benedict's summer residence, it was omitted. Mr. Benedict in return donated \$10,000 for the erection of a separate gymnasium near the school. The plans were drawn by Loring & Phipps of Boston.

—Roberts Bros. announce "The Wedding Garment: a Tale of the Life to Come," by Louis Pendleton, and "The Dancing Faun," a novel by Florence Farr, with title-page by Aubrey Beardsley.

—The American Bible Society has placed on permanent exhibition in the Bible House the greater part of its exhibit at the World's Fair. The collection, which was begun in 1816, consists of articles needed in circulating the Bible in heathen lands, rare and old Bibles and Bibles in foreign languages.

—Among the prices paid at Bangs & Co.'s salesrooms on May 22-24 was \$9 for a copy of van Meteren's "Oorlog en Geschiedenis der Nederlanden," etc., 10 vols., Amsterdam, 1786. The *Town and Country Magazine*, Jan. 1769-Dec. 1791, 23 vols., brought \$70.15; and vol. I. of the *Columbian Magazine*, Philadelphia, 1787, with portraits of Washington and Gen. Green, views of Boston, etc., \$5.

—John Fiske and Mr. Frank A. Hill, whose "Civil Government in the United States" proved so successful a work of collaboration, have prepared for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Riverside Literature Series a new "History of the United States for Schools," of which the first part appears this month.

—S. M. J. writes to us, apropos of a note of Prof. Francis Brown's departure for Europe in a recent *Critic*:—"He goes to Oxford to superintend the printing of his lexicon of the Greek and Aramaic languages. With him upon this important work are associated Canon Driver and Dr. Briggs. Two parts have appeared, but it is fourteen years since it was begun." Another correspondent, W. E. G., says that "this young American professor gives promises of being the leading Hebrew lexicographer of the world."

—Mr. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), having finished a new volume for the All-Over-the-World Library, will sail for Europe on July 1. The new book is called "Up and Down the Nile."

—Ouida's personal property was sold at Florence on May 21. Many manuscripts fetched high prices, but the library was sold in small lots. The highest bidders were Americans and Englishmen. The novelist has written a card denouncing in unmeasured tones certain portraits and accounts of her that have appeared of late in the American press.

—Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" has been translated into the Japanese, under the title of "Werther no Kamashimi." A Chinese translation of the work appeared during its author's lifetime.

—The third summer session of the School of Applied Ethics will be held at Plymouth, Mass., July 12-Aug. 15. Special attention will be given by the lecturers in all departments to the labor question and allied subjects. On Aug. 5-11 there will be a Conference of Educators and Teachers.

—The building which the University of the City of New York will erect on its old site in Washington Square will be ten stories high, and cost \$700,000.

—The Lothrop Publishing Company has purchased the entire plant, good will, accounts, copyrights and stock of the D. Lothrop Company, D. Lothrop & Company and The Interstate Publishing Company of Boston. The offices of the reorganized company are at 114-120 Purchase Street.

—Prof. A. C. Merriam of Columbia writes to the *Tribune*, apropos of an article on ancient Greek music by that journal's musical critic, Mr. Krehbiel, that the Greek paper *Atlantis*, recently established in New York, has presented some interesting details on the subject. A few of these he summarizes thus:—"According to Henri Weil, the noted Greek scholar, the hymn to Apollo found at Delphi and recently sung at the French School at Athens, is preserved complete, and is composed with artistic skill and smoothness. Theodor Reinach, the archaeologist and epigraphist, who has translated it into the musical notation of to-day, characterizes it as composed in the lively Phrygian mode with the Dorian notation. An inscription of thirty-seven lines, describing the festival celebration at Delphi, accompanies the hymn. It contains historical allusions, from which its approximate date has been determined, somewhat later than 218 B.C. Besides this complete hymn, the fragments of another were found, likewise set to music, but some two centuries later, containing prayers for the guild of Mænada and for the Roman power. Among the remains of ancient music may be mentioned two other fragments, one from an inscription, the other from a papyrus. The inscription was found at Tralles, in Asia Minor, and published by Prof. Ramsey in 1883, but the significance of the letters written above

the syllables of the words was not recognized till 1890, when Prof. Wessely of Vienna proved them to be musical signs, and translated them into our notation. The text amounts to four short sentences only. Its date is placed about the beginning of our era. The papyrus is from the collection of an Austrian Archduke, and is even more fragmentary; but it is interesting as giving the music of a portion of the chorus of Euripides' 'Orestes' (330-335), which Prof. Wessely believes goes back to the time of Euripides himself, although the papyrus was not written till about the time of Augustus. A German archaeologist has expressed his doubts as to the genuineness of the discovery.

—"One of the most illustrious librarians of our time" are the words applied to the late William Frederick Poole by his colleague, the librarian of the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale of Florence, who devoted to him and his work a long and appreciative article in his *Bollettino* of March 31.

—The *Philadelphia Times* says of the appointment of C. C. Harrison as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania:—"His appointment does not indicate so much a new departure as the strengthening of the lines already laid down, and the firm establishment of the University in the position it has taken at the head of the educational forces of the State and as the centre of intellectual influence in the State's metropolis. * * * Whether he hold the office for a shorter or a longer term, he is sure to link his name with that of his predecessor and associate in the list of the leaders of a new Philadelphia."

—During the month of December, the number of books circulated by the different branches of the Aguilar Free Library was: East Broadway branch, 12,897; Lexington Avenue branch, 8038; and East Fifth Street branch, 2155—a total increase of 7166 volumes over the corresponding month in 1892.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS

1750.—Can you tell me who wrote a poem called "Carcassonne," and where it can be found? I have an impression that it was reprinted in *The Evening Post* a year or more ago.

NEW YORK.

G. M. P.

["Carcassonne," by Gustave Nadaud, may be found in his "Chansons," published in 1870 by Henri Plon, Paris. A translation of the poem, by John R. Thompson, appeared in *The Evening Post* about 1871, and was reprinted repeatedly in its columns. Mr. Thompson's translation may also be found in "Famous Single and Fugitive Poems." (Henry Holt & Co.)]

1751.—1. Why was the illustration on p. 336 of the earliest issues of "Vanity Fair" suppressed? 2. What is the value of a History of the Visconti Family, in Latin, illustrated, published by Estienne, Paris, 1549, or where can I find out?

L. D. E.

[1. The wood-cut on page 336 of the original edition of "Vanity Fair" represented the Marquis of Steyne, and was so noticeable a

likeness of a well-known English nobleman, the Marquis of Hertford, that it was promptly suppressed. No cut was substituted, but the type was moved up then to p. 340, the end of the chapter, to fill the vacancy. This cut can only be found in the original parts or in volumes made up from the parts.]

ANSWERS


1748.—"King René's Daughter," a poem by Henrik Hertz, translated by Theodore Martin, was published by Leypoldt & Holt, N. Y., in 1870.

PHILADELPHIA.

S. M. D.

Publications Received

- | | |
|---|---|
| Andrews, E. B. Wealth and Moral Law. \$1. | Hartford Seminary Press. |
| Austin, A. The Garden that I Love. \$2.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Baylor, F. C. Claudia Hyde. \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Beers, H. A. A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales. | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Bjornson, B. A Gauntlet. \$1.50. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Blackmore, R. D. Perivcross. \$1.75. | Harper & Bros. |
| Boggs, E. B. Christian Unity Proved by Holy Scriptures. | Thomas Whitaker. |
| Bolloud-Mermet, Crazy Book-Collecting or Bibliomania. | Duprat & Co. |
| Booth, C. The Aged Poor. 2d. 6d. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Carnegie, D. Law and Theory in Chemistry. \$1.50. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Child, F. J. English and Scottish Ballads. Part VIII. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Cobbles, T. Young Sam and Sebina. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Cochrane, A. The Kestrel's Nest, and Other Verses. \$1.25. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Cole, G. A. J. The Gipsy Road. \$1.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Curtis, G. W. From the Easy Chair. Third Series. \$1. | Harper & Bros. |
| Crackanthorpe, H. Wreckage. \$1.25. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Craddock, C. E. His Vanished Star. \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
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